

WHEN SORROW CAME.

When sorrow came, I did not look
For any visitor that day,
But in beside the ingle-nook
She slipped in calm, familiar way,
As one, a dear and privileged guest,
Who pushed a door ajar,
And, seeking only friendly rest,
Sits down where all the kindred are.

And first surprised, I scarcely knew
A word to greet the stranger face;
There crept a numbing shadow through
The brightness of my dwelling place.
So dumb her lips, so veiled her eyes,
So chill the hand in mine she laid,
The sunshine vanished from the skies,
And in the cloud I knelt, afraid.

But sorrow stayed, until I heard,
In that hushed silence round her drawn,
Voices more sweet than song of bird,
The tender tones of loved ones gone,
And floating from the silver shore,
Whereon the ransomed walk serene,
Came wafts of fragrance blown before
The angels as they hither lean.

Then, swift transfigured, sorrow turned,
Her look was wonderful to see;
My very soul within me burned,
For Love in sorrow died for me.
And Love appoints my sorrow still,
And sacramental cups are poured
Where I and sorrow, if God will,
Meet and hold tryst with my dear Lord.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to return. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralyzed. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been pre-arranged.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with gangsters.

Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's house at the cantonment. Grafton next morning learns of Florence's flight.

Chapter XIII.—Meantime rioting strikers at Cimarron Junction had got wind of the coming of troops and had sought to block the way by wrecking a freight caboose in Calamas Gorge. Everyone knew trouble would end the moment the Riflers got to the scene of the strike, but what might happen in the meantime?

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Something had happened. On one of the passenger trains blocked beyond Cimarron was a Chicago lawyer of most active mind and being, a Chicagoan of no little experience with scenes of the kind, and this gentleman had fired message after message to Lieut. Randolph Merriam, at Sedgwick, and finally demanded reason for that officer's silence.

"What'll I do with this here, sir?" said McGrath, coming finally into the adjutant's office. "There's three messages here for Mr. Merriam, urgent ones, too, and finally the sender asks why he don't reply."

"Say that Mr. Merriam is still away after Mexican murderers and we expect him any minute. Ask if any other officer will do? Hello! What's that, orderly?" he broke off, at the sound of hoof beats and excited voices without.

A trooper entered, dust covered and weary, to make his brief report. Capt. Grafton darting in just in time for the news.

"Lieut. Merriam's wounded, sir, an' his horse killed, and can the doctor go back with me?"

"My God!" thought Grafton ere he spoke aloud. "Is there to be no end to the calamities of this day?" Repressing his own eagerness, he waited in stern self-discipline while the adjutant went quickly into details, as was his business, in striving to learn the extent and nature of Merriam's wounds; then, the colonel being over home, turned for advice to Grafton.

"Only our contract doctor left," he said. "The others are off with the Riflers or—in chase." Hurriedly he wrote a few lines to Buxton and then turned to McGrath.

"Tell Capt. Grafton about these messages for Mr. Merriam, will you?" said he, "and captain, will you please attend to that while I look to Randy's relief? Thank God they didn't kill him," he added as he went noisily out. "What in heaven's name did Buxton expect him to do, anyhow?"

"Have you a right to say what is wanted of Mr. Merriam and whom these are from?" asked Grafton of the orderly.

"I couldn't say a word, sir, ordi-

narily, but I believe they'll never blame me now. It's a Mr. Edward Parry and he begs Mr. Merriam, who can get through, to come up beyond Cimarron to him on important business—his train's blocked by strikers."

"Give me a blank," said Grafton, quickly. "I think I partially understand the case, and these were the words that were wired at one o'clock to the eager lawyer on the waiting train:

"Merriam wounded in affair with bandits this morning—miles from post. Mrs. McLane is still under my roof. Command my services."

"GEORGE GRAFTON, Captain."

Then Grafton followed the trail of the adjutant—went straightway to Buxton, who was taking his noonday siesta and hated to be disturbed at such a time and was crusty, as could be expected, when asked permission by Capt. Grafton to ride out and meet the wounded officer. He flew into a tantrum.

"My God, sir! No, sir. Am I to scatter my medical staff to the four winds, with Brady and Corcoran past praying for here, and then have my troop leaders scattering too? The Lord only knows what's going to happen before we get through with this day, and now Merriam's shot and otherwise injured, and all on account of those beggarly greasers. No, sir! Not another man goes out till we've rounded up those already afield."

Capt. Grafton turned without a word of remonstrance, with his usual grave salute. From there he went to see that Merriam's home was in readiness, and then to his wife, who read tidings of new disaster in his troubled eyes.

"Oh, George!" she cried. "Will this dreadful day never end? The servants say Merriam's shot and mortally wounded, and that the Riflers are wrecked at Calamas Gorge."

"Merriam is shot and not mortally wounded, dear, and the Riflers refused to be wrecked at Calamas Gorge. Where is Mrs. McLane? Has she heard?"

"Dozing placidly in her room—too much shaken to come downstairs today. Had her coffee and her luncheon in bed, and I gave Annette positive orders to let her know nothing about—Florence, and she hasn't. But presently, when she dresses for the afternoon and comes down and hears about Randy? What then?"

"Still sleeping, is she?" asked Grafton, ignoring for a moment the question as to what might happen when their guest awoke and heard the news. "Yet I think you said she was greatly excited after getting that second dispatch, and had been dreadfully nervous."

"She certainly was for some hours, and you know she walked and tossed last night after she came upstairs. Then she seemed to fall into a deep sleep, and Annette said she could hardly arouse her for her coffee this morning."

Grafton tugged at his mustache and gave himself over to deep thought a few minutes. Mrs. Grafton anxiously watching his face.

"Well," said he, starting up, and, as it were, shaking himself together, "let her have her sleep out. I fancy new news is on the road; I know her lawyer is."

"Why! Mr. Parry?—her brother-in-law?"

"The very same, Harriet, and his train is sidetracked by strikers miles above Cimarron. There are three dispatches from him for Randy now."

Mrs. Grafton was silent a moment, as she stood by his side looking up into his thoughtful face, as though seeking there the solution of the questions that puzzled her. Then, dusting away with her finger tips some flakes of cigar ashes that clung to the breast of the captain's undress coat, she ventured:

"There are two things I can't understand. If he's her lawyer why he should be wiring to Randy and not to her, and why it is the strikers don't cut the wires if they want to cut off all business."

His broad, brown hand patted caressingly the taper, white fingers toying about the little toggle of his watch chain, as he looked down into her anxious, upturned face.

"His letters to Fan have been unanswered, and he probably expects her to pay a little attention to his dispatches. As for the wires, they are more necessary to the strikers in their combinations than to anybody else, otherwise they'd have cut them long ago—ah, here comes our messenger now."

And sure enough the orderly trumpeter came trotting up the steps, the usual brown envelope in his hand.

Mrs. Grafton eagerly watched her husband as he read. "I thought so," said he, looking quickly up. "Read that," and handed her the dispatch.

"To Capt. Grafton, Fort Sedgwick: Thanks for your courtesy. Shocked to hear of Merriam's mishap. Mrs. McLane should have met me in Denver three days ago. Must be ready moment road opens."

—EDWARD PARRY.

Three hours later, just as the ladies and children began to appear in their fresh afternoon toilets and their baby carriages and nurses were in force along the gravel walk, and the band was assembling for its daily concert on the parade, a vision of womanly loveliness, albeit garbed in somber black, came smilingly down the stairs at Grafton's and rustling out to shower gracious welcome on the little group of ladies and officers on the front piazza. Some of the men were seated—Whittaker and Minturn notably being nearest the door—others sunning themselves out along the fence, while the ladies occupied their camp-chairs or the steps as best pleased their fancy. Grafton's was always a popular rendezvous on the cavalry side, and to-day the assembly was more numerous than usual, and anybody but Fanny McLane could not have failed to note how deep was the shadow that overspread every face, how somber and mirthless the tenor of the talk. Intent only on charming, she came trippingly forth, bestowing a white hand on the red-striped Minturn, who was prompt to seize it, and smiles and nods and chirrup upon everybody. The men who had risen and doffed their caps did

not retake their seats, for a trumpeter was sounding a stable call, and Whittaker murmured with telling effect: "You never come now until you know we have to go;" and there was a slow and somewhat reluctant start, the rival subs hanging on to the last. Grafton, usually the promptest of troop leaders, went as far as his gate only and there said in a low tone to his own subaltern: "Tell Col. Buxton I am detained a few minutes on important personal business," and let the group go sauntering out into the sunshine without him. The band was gayly crashing through the spirited measures of the "Liberty Bell." Maj. Freeman, straddling down the row in chase of the troop officers, glanced up and smiled and waved his hand.

"The Riflers put a head on that Cimarron strike in short order, didn't they?" said he. "The news has just come—trains running to-morrow."

Out on the sunlit mesa a mile away a dusty little cortege came slowly, wearily trooping homeward, bearing a wounded officer to the longed-for shelter of his home; and Grafton, with still another of those fateful brown envelopes in his hand, bent over and interrupted the lovely widow in the midst of her animated chat with the ladies from next door.

"Pardon me one minute, Mrs. McLane," he said. "Some rather urgent dispatches came while you were sleeping, and this has just reached me. If you can spare a moment to glance over them I will have the answers sent. Suppose we step inside."

It was wonderful with what suddenness gladness and gaiety would vanish from her eyes, leaving there only a hunted, haggard look; so, too, in the lines about the sensitive mouth; yet the soft, creamy tint of the fair skin remained unchanged, as did the gentle calm. Mutely she arose and followed him, and the parlor being in the shade and too near the party on the porch, he led on to the bright dining-room whose windows commanded a view of the sunshiny mesa. There he turned.

"Mr. Parry wires me that he had expected you in Denver three days ago, and that your affairs demand that you should go thither the moment the road is open—which will be to-morrow. He says he has vainly tried to get an answer to his letters to you, and that no reply came to his dispatches. Can I be of any service, Mrs. McLane? This seems most urgent, and, pardon me, I believe it my duty to point out to you that your friends are rendered powerless by your own neglect to act."

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

Grafton tugged at his mustache and gave himself over to deep thought a few minutes. Mrs. Grafton anxiously watching his face.

"Well," said he, starting up, and, as it were, shaking himself together, "let her have her sleep out. I fancy new news is on the road; I know her lawyer is."

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But Grafton had graver work ahead, and it was close at hand. Punctilious soldier that he was, he would leave no loophole for the possible criticism of a superior. Hurriedly writing a few lines to Col. Buxton notifying him that the wagon bringing Merriam was now close to the garrison, and that, as arranged between them, he would meet it at the gate, he sent the note by his servant and hastened up the row to the angle formed by the south and west fronts, where an opening had been left in the fence for the convenience of riding parties; and it was through this gap that poor Randy was presently trundled and then down along the line to his own doorway. By this time the pain in his strained and stiffened leg was intense, while the arm, hurriedly but skillfully dressed when far away, was troubling him but little. His one thought all the way had been for Florence. He had insisted on scribbling her a little note before they reached the Santa Clara, just to tell her he was all right; that there was nothing to worry about, and all he needed was a few days of her nursing. The doctor gave it to one of the men and gravely bade him ride ahead and give it to Mrs. Merriam, and the trooper had

duly handed it in at the door, where Hop Ling received it with his customary grin, and stowed it away on the mantel in the now deserted parlor where notes and cards had generally been displayed for the eyes of the young mistress.

And now as they neared the familiar spot, poor Randy would sit up. It would never do to come before her eyes prostrated as though sorely hurt. Anything to spare her needless shock or worry. He even essayed a semi-jocular "how are you, old man?" as he caught sight of Grafton, and tried a smile and a wave of his hand to the ladies who appeared on the southernmost porch of the infantry lines.

"Why, you look as though you'd had a worse tussle than I, captain," he laughed painfully, as he held out his hand. "How is Florence? It hasn't frightened her much, has it? I hope Mrs. Hayne's been with her."

"She's been a good deal troubled, of course," answered Grafton, gravely, "but—but Mrs. Hayne is—bringing her round all right, I think. How are you, old man? You did have a ride!"

But now Randy was peering out along the row—their own row. Women were to be seen here and there along the verandas, gazing sympathetically toward the slowly moving party, but no feminine form was visible on the piazza of his little home.

"Better lie back, Mr. Merriam," urged the doctor. "Try to make him do so," he murmured to Grafton. "We've got to get him quiet in his room before we let him know anything." Already the anxious young physician had been told that Mrs. Merriam was probably 40 miles away, and his soul was wrung at the thought of what that would mean to his patient.

"Yes, lie down, Randy, till we get you indoors," urged Grafton. "We've had to put up a game on Mrs. Randy—(God forgive me the lie, he prayed). "Knowing how anxious you were and we were lest she should be shocked, we—kept her away. Mrs. Hayne and Dr. Gould are looking out for her. She's not to be allowed to come near you till we get you safe and sound and bathed and all fixed up in bed. Of course we know now, Randy—we didn't before, but Mrs. Hayne had to tell my wife how careful we have to be of her—now, and really, old boy, she oughtn't to see you till you're washed and dressed. You look tough, Randy."

And though the face he longed to see as they bore him up the steps was miles and miles away, Merriam stifled his own disappointment and bravely thanked them. "God bless you and Mrs. Grafton! That was indeed thoughtful of you, old boy," he gasped, for pain was wrenching him, and he gave a long, long sigh of relief when at last he was lifted from the stretcher to a bed in the spare-room.

But that sigh was a faint whisper as compared with the long, long breath that Grafton drew, as he sat him down in the adjoining room and mopped his streaming forehead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LAWYER'S ZEAL.

Regretted His Client Had Not Been Struck by a Trolley Car.

A Brooklyn man who had the misfortune to break his arm by tripping over a curbstone and falling upon the limb, consulted a leading lawyer of that borough to see if he could not recover damages from the city for the accident. The lawyer heard the details, and then said:

"I do not think there is any law by which a man could recover damages for not lifting his foot high enough. In a recent case a contractor had lifted a flagstone on the sidewalk and turned it over, leaving a hole where it had been originally, and a double thickness of stone where it rested."

"A woman came along, stepped in the hole, fell, and broke her leg. She sued the contractor and received a verdict of \$1,000 damages, but he appealed, and the appellate court reversed the verdict on the ground that she should have looked where she was stepping."

The client said that he thought the curbstone was too high, but the lawyer replied that he did not know of any law that regulated the height of a curbstone. Then the man of law got warmed up to the subject and said:

"Now, if you had only been hit by a trolley car, we could have got a good verdict against the company. I have just recovered a verdict for a woman who had both legs broken by being run over by a trolley car. It is a pity that you were not hurt that way."

Then as he bowed his astonished client out of the office, he said:

"Now, remember, next time you get hit by a trolley car."—N. Y. Times.

He Did Not See Them.

A story is told of a certain politician whose education was somewhat defective, and who, in particular, was not a "born speller." He became prominent, and his correspondence, therefore, took on a certain importance.

One day a particular friend came to him and said: "Look here, William; you must have a secretary write your letters, and never undertake to write any yourself."

"Why?" asked the public man.

"Because people are laughing at your letters, and they will do you harm."

"Why do they laugh at them?" in astonishment.

"Because you make so many mistakes in spelling."

"Mistakes in spelling?" exclaimed the great man, "nonsense! I read my letters all over after I write them, and I never find a misspelled word!"

He had not yet learned that, although to a certain extent a man may safely be "a law unto himself," no one can be a dictionary unto himself.—Youth's Companion.

A Game for Two.

"Your neighbors have been talking about you."

"That's all right; they can't equal the things that I have been saying about them."—Brooklyn Life.

FAILED TO MEET.

American Commissioners Asked for a Postponement Until Wednesday.

Want Time to Translate Reply of the United States to the Latest Spanish Propositions Regarding the Philippines Which Had Just Been Received.

PARIS, Nov. 9.—The Spanish-American peace commissioners have notified the minister of foreign affairs, M. Delcasse, that the joint session which was to have taken place Tuesday will not be held, and that they will notify the minister when they have determined upon the date of another meeting.

Later a semi-official note was issued announcing that the peace commissioners had informed the French minister of foreign affairs that their conferences were suspended.

Inquiry developed the fact that the failure to hold a meeting of the commissions Tuesday was only due to the Americans asking for a postponement of the joint session until Wednesday in order to allow time for the translation of the reply of the United States to the latest Spanish propositions regarding the Philippine islands, which was received here Tuesday morning.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—So far as the state department knows there has been no break in the peace negotiations in Paris, and if difficulty had arisen officials say it would have been reported promptly to the department. It is assumed therefore, that there must be some purely internal reason for the postponement, perhaps the convenience of the commissioners. The

advises that have come to hand so far are said to be rather encouraging against the reverse, and there is a disposition to agree to the statement rather curiously made by the Spanish cabinet Monday, that there will be three or four more meetings of the joint commission. This is taken for an indication that the Spaniards themselves are not looking for a break in the negotiations, but rather expect a peaceful conclusion in a short time.

The foreign bondholders have at last moved formally to protect their interests in Cuba and Porto Rico. The initial steps have been taken through the agency of the French embassy, which in this case acts no longer as the representative of the Spanish government, but for French subjects. Through the French embassy a most formidable statement has been presented to the state department, being an account of the various Spanish bonds owned by French citizens chargeable against the territories either seized or set free by act of the United States government.

The sum total of these bonds runs far up into the millions. Just what it is expected shall be done with them is not made clear. The United States government, of course, will not pay them, but it may be that the French government looks to it to cause the independent government of Cuba to assume liability for redemption of the bonds charged against that island when that government shall have become duly installed by the act of the United States government. It is probable that other holders of like bonds, German and British, will take similar steps to have their claims brought through their diplomatic representatives to the attention of the United States government, and it may even be that holders of such bonds in Spain, though Spanish citizens will take a like course, which would present a novel claim upon the generosity of the United States government.

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TO RENEW THE DEMANDS.

Chairman Day, of the Peace Commission, Receives New Instructions From the President.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—Spain's exhaustive argument against the cession of the Philippines to the United States has had the result of making the officials all the more determined to take the islands.

Instructions sent to Mr. Day, chairman of the American commissioners, will require him and his colleagues to renew on Tuesday their demand for concession of the group to the United States and they will make in their communication the first offer of money in payment for the islands.

It is understood that the president will consult Tuesday with some of his advisers concerning the amount to be named in the American communication, but the sum to be paid will not under any consideration exceed the aggregate of the debts contracted by the Spanish government for improvements in the Philippines. All military debts and debts contracted in the name of other islands, such as Cuba, will be barred and the Spanish commissioners will be informed that they must recognize this fact as promptly as possible.

Br. Adm. Dewey's victory in Manila bay was unimportant, and the possession of Cavite during the war was not such as to give the Americans, the Spaniards declare, control of the islands, and it is claimed, and the claim is fortified by argument and many legal precedents, that the American government has no moral right to demand the cession of the entire group of 1,400 islands when it held only such a small bit of territory as that at Cavite and controlled only the bay of Manila.

All during the war Spanish troops were stationed on other islands and were not molested. The Spaniards indicated their willingness, however, to sell the islands and the authorities have no apprehension now that any rupture will occur unless it be over the amount to be paid.

It is also claimed by the Spanish commissioners that this declaration was assented to by President McKinley. As a matter of fact, the note had been delivered, but the president had declined to answer it, either in writing or verbally, to M. Cambon.

The Spanish commissioners have declared it is said, that instead of the United States acquiring the Philippines, this government should "pay their government an indemnity for the attack on Manila after the peace protocol had been signed and for the damage consequently done."

Secretary Hay has received a full statement of the contents of the Spanish note. Its character was just what the officials expected—without any new arguments of importance. Senator Rios and his colleagues call attention to the action of the government in delivering the note through M. Cambon, the French ambassador, to President McKinley which sets forth the understanding of the Spanish government that in agreeing to the protocol its sovereignty over the Philippine Islands would not be affected.

After the Philippine question has been disposed of the commissioners will consider the determination of claims which have been filed by Americans against Spain and by Spaniards against the United States. It was thought that this government would bind itself to satisfy all American claims in consideration of the territory ceded to the United States, but this is incorrect. The Spanish commissioners have a heavy claim for filibustering against the United States to offset the claims filed by Americans for personal and property injuries, and the question of their disposition will have to be decided.

EIGHT DEAD PASSENGERS.

Victims of the Lost Atlantic Liner Monegan Arrived at New York in Horribly Sealed Coffins.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The bodies of eight of the passengers on the lost Atlantic liner Monegan, wrecked on October 14 on the southwest coast of England, arrived here Monday in hermetically sealed coffins on the steamship Menominee from London. The remains are those of Mrs. T. W. King, of Nantucket, Mass., and one of her sons; Mrs. Weller, mother of Mrs. King, also of Nantucket; L. N. Luke and wife of Kingston, N. Y.; Mrs. A. B. Grumbrecht, of Stamford, Ct.; Mrs. L. S. Grandin, mother of Miss Maude Roubush, the opera singer, of Mendocino, and Mrs. Sophie C. Crane, of California. Agent Stewart, of the Atlantic Transport Co., made the necessary arrangement with the health authorities for the transportation of the bodies of the Monegan's dead to the different parts of the country where the relatives resides.

Investigating Commission in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—Gen. Dodge, Col. Sexton and Dr. Conner, of the war investigating commission, arrived in Chicago Monday, and immediately began the examination of witnesses at the Auditorium hotel. It is not likely that the three members of the commission will be able to leave Chicago before Wednesday. They will then leave for Detroit, where the investigation will be continued. From Detroit the commissioners will go direct to Washington.